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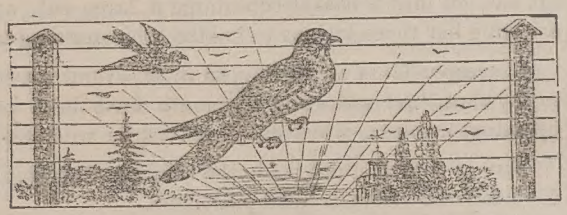

News from Abroad.

Signor Massa is going to try again the perilous experiment of supplying Calcutta with Italian opera. Signor Pompei (the buffo of Mdme. Carlotta Patti's Company) has the same idea. He is cautious enough, however, to ask for about £8,000 guaranteed.

Though the Duke of Buckingham is no longer in Madras, "The Duke's Own Artillery" are keeping up the reputation of the city for social festivities.

Cook and Roberts are still gathering in rupees in India. Their tours should be very profitable—and are.

A cyclone sweeping over the beautiful French Colony of Reunion has devastated the town of St. Denis. Such an exquisite spot deserved better treatment at the hands of Nature.

Lord Ripon, Viceroy of India, is in the most disagreeable position that he well could be. The Ameer of Cabul has sent an envoy to him to ask, of course, for money, and no doubt for arms, and perhaps even for British soldiers. The Ameer sees the black clouds ahead gathering in the West.

Of course Lord Ripon will have to refuse—and with considerable firmness. And then? It will be the old story, that, failing of help from England the Ameer will, with much regret and manifold expressions of esteem, etc., etc., make terms with Russia.

Apropos of the superstitious connection drawn at St. Petersburg between the recent meteor and the death of the Czar, few would credit how thoroughly even the highest and most enlightened classes in Russia are influenced by omens. High Court dignitaries and officers are in constant dread of meeting a pig, and should misfortune compel them to pass one they would never think of doing so without first clutching iron or steel to ward off the evil.

The number 13, too, they hold in dread, and the first lady of a Russian embassy, whom I knew, would rather walk than take a drosky bearing that number or figures making that total.

Their custom of kissing the dead body is sometimes productive of disagreeable consequences, and I well remember the abject terror of two little girls when compelled to kiss the late Madame d'Oubril, as she lay in State after her death.

The French exhibitors at the Melbourne Exhibition are beginning to find out that it is not so easy as they thought to beat us in our own markets. Their cloths, "*pour hommes*" are fine in quality, but the Australians prefer our coarser goods. Australian claret, they declare, reminds one of Spartan broth. But *que voulez vous?* The Australians like it as well as Bordeaux, and it is cheaper. The French fine felt hats—gone out of fashion now in France—seem, on the other hand, to delight the Melbournites; so do the silks and stuffs for ladies' attire; and so does the *porcelaine de Limoges*—though this, as the exhibitors slyly remark—has been expressly manufactured for the occasion, and is of *un gout—parfaitement Anglais*. Still there are no end of things in the French section which the Australians (as the stallkeepers say) "won't look at."

Our Athens correspondent, writing on the Greek Army, says "it must be allowed that if the progress of organisation has been somewhat slow, it has, on the other hand, been sure. Since last summer every open space round Athens has been covered for six hours of each day with troops exercising. As the battalions return in the evening to their quarters in the city, marching in sections to the quick-step of their French bugles, or sometimes a brass band, and covering the whole of the wide streets, it is a sight to see the eager citizens turn out and line the side-walks, passing their criticisms on the greater progress made by this battalion than the other, how this step is too quick, that too slow, and such like remarks, evincing the feverish interest taken by all, civilians as well as soldiers, in the war preparations.

"The battalions consist of four companies of about 250 rank and file each. They have been most carefully drilled in the modern system of attack by successive lines of skirmishers, the broken and rocky country all round Athens being peculiarly adapted to this purpose. In this exercise the natural 'cuteness' of the Greek becomes conspicuous by the talent which each individual soldier displays in quickly availing himself of cover when the forward rushes are made.

"Last month the battalions were formed into brigades, and the want of experienced generals became quickly manifest. The mistakes made were not those of the rank and file, or of the battalion chiefs, but of the so-called brigadiers, who, for the first time, perhaps, began to realise the difference between theory and practice. The blunders which were constantly occurring would have been highly amusing to an ordinary frequenter of the Aldershot sham fights."

The Suez Canal Commissioners, evidently jealous of Mr. Goschen's steam-launch, the beauties and comforts of which were praised throughout the press, have ordered a steam-launch for themselves, and this is about to leave London for the Canal. Willans, of Thames Ditton, have

built it, and it possesses all modern improvements, and attains a speed of 13 knots.

In England miners sometimes get into mobs, wreck machinery, and otherwise behave like savages. But in America, the miner argues, when on strike, with a Winchester repeating rifle. Nevada has always a tolerably ruffianly reputation, but Colorado is now running it close.

America is determined that the World's Fair of 1883 shall be the very biggest thing of the exhibition kind that can be imagined. General Grant goes further, and, in a recent speech, says *it will be*. His reasons apparently are that in 1883 everybody will be better off than they are now, and that America will be a much pleasanter country to visit two years hence than it is in 1881. These may not really be his reasons, but they are all that he gives as such.

Washington has a society called the "Society for the Protection of Innocent and Affectionate Children."

An explanation of this somewhat startling fact is given by *Progress*, which says that this is an association formed by some of the leaders of fashion, who thought the younger people were getting rather uppish and needed restraint. The younger people, resenting this, endeavoured to organise a society of their own, but the "protectors" and the "protected" have been together, and a cordial understanding restored, over a good supper, with an abundance of champagne.

A provincial paper characterises the manifesto of the new Emperor of Russia, upon his sudden and unexpected accession to the throne, as a "strange mixture of Christian feeling and Mahometan fatalism." The same paper is not a little hard upon the Tories in the matter of the "urgency" division on Monday night, denouncing their conduct as political Pharisaism.

The 13th of March, the day on which the Czar of all the Russias was assassinated, was the anniversary of the execution of Orsini. It is a grim coincidence.

Due de Broglie did not give Marshal MacMahon and the Duchess de Magenta the cut direct on Sunday at the Parisian Water Colour Exhibition, as the *Paix* declares, but had a friendly chat with them, in which each party demeaned themselves as the diplomatic people of the world we all know them to be.

New Zealand bids fair to be the paradise of anglers, for the Society of Acclimatisation has supplied all its rivers with trout and salmon in the ratio of 300 of one to 500 of the other, and still has 15,000 healthy young fish which it does not at present know how to dispose of.

Our Colonial Government of New Zealand is munificent towards the aborigines when dead, even if it ignores them while living. A Maori chief named Tareka has just been buried at a cost of £2,000. This was for the wake alone, and a further sum is to be expended on a mausoleum faced with marble. This is evidently on the converse of the principle that a live dog is worth more than a dead lion.

A Melbourne millionaire, who is noted for his dinners, recently invited a local journalist of some repute to dine with him. When they next met the man who wields the quill had run counter to all his pet prejudices, and, after giving vent to his wounded feelings in the choicest Doric, the man of money observed, "Why, I asked you to my house to teach you how to eat a dinner." Boanerges bowed and said, "And I can assure you that example was so powerful that I have had the greatest imaginable difficulty in refraining from swallowing my knife ever since."

M. Louis Blanc has contracted with the *Rappel* for the publication as a serial of a history of the present Constitution, which must of necessity deal to some extent with the downfall of the Second Empire, and from such a pen such a narrative must be racy, to say the least of it.

It is in contemplation to hold an exhibition of Indian industrial products at Calcutta next December. It is difficult to understand why, in the last quarter of a century, this idea has not taken a practical form before now.

News from the Country.

The severe weather in the North, and consequent starvation, has increased the boldness of the rats in Kincardineshire to a formidable extent, and special means are being taken to exterminate these ravenous vermin. Even in Edinburgh a few days ago, a shopkeeper found a young rat had got into a basket containing a large cat, and was assisting her three kittens to imbibe their morning meal.

Correspondents are writing to their several newspapers to say that three sailors at Plymouth have been poisoned by eating hemlock, which they mistook for wild celery.

But if they had not made the mistake they would have died, for wild celery is itself poisonous.

A meeting of the Land League was held in Dublin yesterday afternoon. It was announced that a lot of money had been received—we doubt that statement. The secretary stated that the people throughout the country were intimidated by the Coercion Bill. The same gentleman, in speaking of Mr. Forster, alluded to him as Mr. Outrage Forster, Chief Slanderer of Ireland.

A motion expressing "profound regret at the assasination" of the Emperor of Russia was opposed at the meeting of the Glasgow Liberal Association. The previous question was moved, and a division took place. Many of the Glasgow Liberals, it is said, are interested in nitro-glycerine companies.

What a grand thing it must be to enjoy such a glorious thaw as that which "Dandy Jim" has just experienced. It thawed the snow, which flooded the rivers, which tore away the banks, which concealed the lead which lies in the estate of Dalbagie, the property of Colonel James Farquharson, of Invercauld. The veins are said to be large, and resemble those to be found in the mines of the Marquis of Huntly at Gairn.

They have just discovered a Pagan idol at Ballachulish. "It is that of a nude female," says a northern newspaper, "as rough as it is almost possible to conceive, but at the same time presenting a distinctly recognisable imitation of the human form." The Highlanders are still making investigations in the neighbourhood in the hopes of finding her kilt, notwithstanding the fact that Professor Sir Robert Christison has pronounced her to be of Scandinavian origin.

Carlyle's memory was the principal toast at the Dumfries-shire annual dinner held at Edinburgh the other night. It was pledged in solemn silence.

If you believe that cock-fighting is obsolete, go either to Ulverstone or Lowick, and either place will accommodate you with a match. Recently a policeman interfered with a fight when the selected champions of the above-named places were engaged. He was just in the nick of time to save the money of the Lowick men, to the disgust of the Ulverstone division, whose gamecock had all but won the battle.

A blank day was again experienced by the Empress of Austria, who met with the South Cheshire pack. After trying half-a-dozen of the most likely coverts, Mr. Corbet failed to unearth a fox. Indeed, so poor has been the sport that Her Imperial Majesty is not now expected to prolong her stay beyond the time originally fixed, and which expires in about a fortnight.

Another Scotch sheriffdom is vacant. Mr. Frederick Lewis Maitland-Heriot, of Ramornie, sheriff of Forfarshire, having died last week in Paris, aged 63 years. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. James Maitland-Heriot, of Ramornie, Fifeshire, by his marriage with Margaret, daughter of Mr. William Dalgleish, of Scotscraig, N.B., and was born in the year 1818. He was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh; was called to the Scottish Bar in 1839, and appointed Sheriff of Forfarshire, which office becomes vacant by his death, in 1862. Mr. Maitland-Heriot succeeded to the Ramornie estate in 1848, and on October 3 of the same year he married Martha, second daughter of the late Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., M.P., for Wigtownshire, and grand-daughter maternally of the late Sir David Carnegie, Bart., of Southesk. The deceased gentleman's estate passes to his eldest son and heir, Mr. Andrew Agnew Maitland-Heriot, who was born in 1851. The last vacant sheriffdom was conferred on the Hon. D. H. Workman Henry Moncreiff, eldest son of Lord Moncreiff.

Though the public hears a good deal about disease among cattle, it is questionable whether many appreciate the extent to which the evil exists in our midst, but when sheep of the value of 55s. are being sold at 16s. a head—not in the case of solitary animals, but of whole flocks—matters are not a little serious. This, I am informed on credible authority, is what has taken place several times quite recently in Leicestershire.

I hear that the estimated cost of building the Central Institution at Kensington will exceed the sum of £50,000, the minimum amount promised to be expended. The total cost is estimated at £76,000.

Mr. Hibbert, M.P., Secretary to the Local Government Board, is going to have a warm time of it with the Irish section of his constituents. The right hon. gentleman, in reply to a threat which he has received, writes that he was aware his votes had not of late given general satisfaction to his Irish supporters, but as he had voted for repression of disorder and outrage in Ireland, and with a sincere desire that the lawlessness of the few should not prevent an early and generous measure of land reform, he was prepared to take the consequences.

The subject of Arctic exploration is to be taken up by the German Geographical Society, who intend to despatch two travellers to the Arctic regions with a view of exploring the districts inhabited by the Tschoktschonks.

With reference to the sanitary condition of that National Seminary, the University of Oxford—to which we directed the attention of our readers on Monday,—we are pleased to find the authorities have taken prompt action, having on Tuesday passed an important Decree in Convocation, authorising the delegates of lodging-houses to make arrangements for a general sanitary inspection of the out-of-college lodgings of the undergraduates in the present year, and the curators of the University Chest to pay such sums for the purpose as the delegates might think necessary. The details are left, and wisely, to the members of Congregation who reside on the spot.

So far so good—but why do not the University institute a similar inquiry into the dormitories of the undergraduates within the college walls, some of which are of a very limited and unhealthy character? It is a fact that some of the colleges, rather than lose the chance of enriching their exchequers, will compel undergraduates to sleep in miserable dens within college walls, and if they require a sitting-room, to obtain it in the town?

News of Town.

Political.

Mr. J. Frith, M.P., takes the chair to-day at the first general meeting of members of the London Municipal Reform League. It will be held at six at the Cannon-street Hotel.

The smaller witlings who now in those degenerate days play first fiddle in a smoking-room of the House of Commons are not particular as to the literary quality of the jokes which they serve up for the delectation of their gross-minded compeers. One of them last night, after an elaborate introduction, which seemed to lead up to a brilliant conclusion, attempted to perpetrate a sorry witticism at the expense of a gallant admiral, who, I suppose, is a reader of the *Cuckoo*. There were sundry allusions to "mares' nests," and "addled eggs," *et usque ad nauseam*. I was near writing *ovum*—but the point developed itself into a denial of the statement that the "man of straw" put forward by a Conservative member in the Bradlaugh trial was not a nominee of Sir John Hay—a brother member at a subsequent stage—it must have been a very subsequent stage—stuttered out that the ne'er-do-weels who were attached to the Nihilist cause were worthless vagabonds, for it was evident they were "men fit for knout." He was a Lancashire representative; but still, as the House rose at a quarter-past twelve, even bad Irish whiskey cannot be altogether responsible; the "jokes" at the end of another forty-two hours' sitting would be fearful to contemplate. A sleepy Tory who had been slumbering throughout the amusing conversation, and who had retailed for him the anecdotes in detail, added his quota that the first pun was a *coup de grass*, and then they bundled him into a cab on his way to "The Rag."

Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, Her Majesty's First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, is sadly unwise. I do not use the words in any disrespectful sense, for no one can have greater

respect for a giant intellect than I have; but the Premier is wasting away, and he does a greater wrong to the nation than he does to himself or his family in persistently wearing away the physical vitality which is still left in him. It was apparent to every one of those around and in front of him last night, while he was moving a vote of condolence with those intimately connected with the Russian Imperial family, that "the old man eloquent" is only a shadow of his former self. Since his slip on the steps of his official residence his voice has been feeble and his energy only the result of an effort of the spirit. Last night his tremulous accents were for a time attributed to the excess of his emotion, but as he went on it was evident that the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. For a moment there was a flash of the old sonorousness as he warmed with the force of the thrill which he magnetically conveyed to his hearers. Then the reaction came, and the once powerful voice was subdued into a whisper, and the sad idea crept into my mind that when next Achilles goes into his tent he will not emerge from it again in the pride of battle.

I understand that the reason for Mr. Bradlaugh relinquishing so readily last night his privilege to bring on his motion with regard to perpetual pensions, was that a representative of Mr. Gladstone gave him a governmental promise that a suitable day would be kept clear for him. The irreverent member for Northampton has been studying the pedigrees of a good many noble families recently, and the scene between himself and Lord Randolph Churchill will have a spice in it which will be worth waiting for after many a dreary sitting on the Estimates.

In refusing to support Mr. Warton's amendments last night on the Sea Fisheries Bill, the Government (through Mr. Chamberlain) prevented all chance of fish being cheap for another year or two.

A practice has just come into vogue at St. Stephen's Club of ringing a hand-bell in each room before sending the letters by the two latest posts. A much-married member suddenly awakened from a snooze in the library the other evening, and mistaking the sound for that of the melancholy muffin bell, half asleep exclaimed, "Well, Mary, can't we have some for tea to-night, if only to please me."

Last night's sitting of the House of Commons afforded fresh evidence that hon. members do not like to be coerced into "urgency" in order to deal with Supply. Since the screw of Urgency has been removed, even the Irish members have shown a disposition not to keep within the Parliamentary traces. Indeed, so great was the progress made with Supply on Monday night, that Sir William Bartellott deemed it his duty to ask the Prime Minister to explain why he had not placed votes on the paper sufficient to occupy the committee after midnight. Mr. Gladstone's bland readiness to answer the hon. baronet was noticeable, notwithstanding general laughter. The explanation why the "votes" were so soon exhausted was simple enough—the Irish votes had been postponed!

Mr. Gladstone was in his best voice—that is, since his recent illness and accident (the traces of which latter are still visible on the back part of his head) — when he proposed the resolution expressing horror of the assassination of Alexander II. of Russia. The House was crowded to its fullest extent. In the gallery for distinguished strangers sat his Excellency Tsang-Ho (or Marquis Tsang), the Chinese Ambassador, within touching distance of the Archbishop of York, in the Peers' Gallery. The Prime Minister's eloquent periods alone broke the almost solemn silence. It would have been impossible for any man to have performed a similar duty more effectively or appropriately. Sir Stafford Northcote, knowing that eloquence of the elegiac type is not his strong point, spoke briefly and to the point.

In the House of Lords, Lord Granville discharged the same mournful office. Their lordships are never heard to advantage by listeners, but on this occasion the noble Earl, and Lord Beaconsfield, who seconded the motion, were only audible to the Peers beside them. Lady Rosebery was in the balcony.]

The Irish Arms Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords without the slightest comment, beyond that employed by Earl Spencer in explaining the measure. Why his lordship should have taken the trouble, when he had been previously informed that no discussion would take place, may be attributed to the conscientious discharge of his duties, which is characteristic of him.

Mr. Bradlaugh, smiling as only Mr. Bradlaugh can smile, submitted "like a lamb" to Mr. Gladstone's appeal to postpone his motion for an inquiry into perpetual pensions. But not without a word of explanation. He hoped to be allowed to bring forward his motion soon after Easter, because the public appeared to attach "some importance to it," they having sent 848 petitions in its favour to the House, the total signatures numbering more than a quarter of a million.

Everybody laughed, including Lord Randolph Churchill, when he consented to postpone his Small Debts Bill until after the Easter Holidays. Mr. Marriot, who represents the spiritual side of the constituency of Brighton, is to move the rejection of the Bill. The Brighton tradesmen do not like it.

There was a dull but somewhat interesting discussion on the vote for State Prosecutions in Ireland. Of course, the Parnellites objected to pay the fees of the law officers and counsel, some £3,100, and inveighed vehemently against "constructive conspiracy," and defended "Boycotting" as simply the system adopted by trades' unions in England to obtain respect for their decrees.

In the City.

The eminent gold and silver smith who is publicly appealing to Anglo-Indians to get the Government to take the tax off silver plate has evidently an eye to business. Of course the more demand for silver plate the better for the eminent person; and Anglo-Indians who find their rupees dwindling under the continual depreciation in the silver market, would no doubt be glad to see the old flow of silver in the East in full operation again. The present duty on silver plate is eighteenpence an ounce—or one-third of the value of the raw material.

Our Mint must be making just now a very respectable profit out of the silver coin. Gold, as most people know, is coined gratuitously; hence the coined sovereign must therefore always be worth just about as much as the gold it contains. Shillings and sixpences, on the contrary, have acquired an artificial value from the fall in silver. Thus, the Government coin an ounce of standard silver, costing them four and fourpence only, into six and sixpence. As they sometimes manufacture a million pounds' worth of silver in a year, it will be seen that this is a good trade. It is probably already worth the while of illegal coiners to make their shillings of sterling silver.

What makes silver go on falling? Partly the increased production at the mines, but more the action of Continental Governments in adopting a gold currency. To do this is simply to turn the silver coin into mere bullion. A hundred million pounds' worth of silver at a time thus thrown in the markets necessarily sends down the price. I confess I am not much alarmed at this downward tendency. Suppose silver should ever get so plentiful that we could make our pots and pans of it? I shall not object.

What annoys me is to see how the Frenchmen quietly supersede our penny pieces by sending us their own. An English sovereign just now is worth 253 French two-sous pieces. So, by taking these coins at a penny each, we lose nearly thirteenpence in the pound. It matters not to me of course, so long as I can pass them for pennies; it is our Mint that loses by the competition. Coining coppers is even a better paying thing than coining silver.

The growth of traffic on the Metropolitan Railway is something wonderful. In the year after its opening there were carried rather less than one million passengers monthly; whereas last year, in exact numbers, 5,313,296 were carried monthly on this small but popular line. This year the number is growing very greatly, and it may be taken as probable that before the close of the year the daily number of travellers will average 200,000 on the Metropolitan line—a number unequalled in the history of locomotion.

The total traffic receipts of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, from the 1st of January to the 6th of March, 1881, were considerably less than for a corresponding period last year, and the expenditure shows an increase for the same period of £2,158.

The Richmond Consolidated Mining Company have received the following telegram from Eureka, Nevada:—"Weeks run 55,000 dols. from 885 tons of ore." The Richmond Mining Company which was brought out in London about eight years ago was not expected to be such a success, but it has turned out so, and the original promoters are disconcerted. The property was purchased in Eureka for about £30,000, and "brought out" here a few weeks afterwards at £250,000.

The liquidation of the Anglo-French Brewery Company *may* create a mad rush for Lager Beer Brewery shares.

The Mersey Steel and Iron Company, registered Aug. 3, 1864, and with a paid-up capital of £199,725, in addition to a debenture debt of £75,693, and bank advances of £20,568, has gone. This year commenced with a debit balance of £22,256. An official liquidator will be appointed to-day. "Passing events cast their shadows before." Does this betoken the collapse of another great and shaky enterprise?

French propositions regarding bi-mettalism are now fully expounded to all the Governments invited. Shorn of verbiage, their import is that the fixed standard between gold and silver should be 1 to 15½, and the coinage of silver unlimited.

England excepted, the invited Governments have answered favourably. The latest report, however, is that this country will be unrepresented. Should this prove true, a serious political mistake will be made. Germany, the last nation to adopt a "gold standard," would then represent the interests of that policy.

Is Mr. Gladstone too much occupied with "coercion" and "urgency" to perceive the importance of this Conference? To India the question of a dual standard is simply everything. Surely, it is not the Premier's intention to follow Bismarck's lead!

At the previous Conference, Mr. Goschen vented the following:—"*L'Angleterre est très firmement decidée a maintenir chez elle l'étalon d'or unique.*" Is this to be the policy of 1881? Cannot our statesmen see the importance of a silver standard to our Indian empire? Sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander. England is not India, I wot!

The Services.

Sir Donald Stewart, I am told, has a son, a nephew, and a son-in-law on his personal staff. My informant seems to think the fact should be reprobated. We do not see why, for there is no reason in the world for supposing that Sir Donald Stewart's relatives are not as competent as any other man's.

Major the Honourable George Napier takes Colonel St. John's place at Candahar. The exchange is from a weak political to a strong one; but there were better men near Candahar than Major Napier.

It must be "cruel" for benefactors when the proposed beneficiaries kick against being benefited. The quartermasters in the army afford the latest illustration of this peculiar twist in human nature. A protest on their behalf against the "proposed improvements" in their position is now being extensively circulated among those members of Parliament who are known to take an interest in army reform. The new regulations as to promotion are particularly commented upon.

General Sir Duncan Macgregor, K.C.B., the oldest general officer in the Army, attains to-day the great age of 94, having been born on March 16, 1787. This aged veteran entered the Army in 1802, and served in Sicily, Italy, Egypt, Holland, the Peninsula, &c., being wounded through the right shoulder at the Battle of Maida, in Sicily. He was Inspector-General of the Irish Constabulary from 1838 to 1858, and received the Order of the Bath for his services during the disturbances of 1848. He is the father of Mr. John Macgregor, of "Rob Roy" celebrity, the founder of the London Shoeblack Brigade, who, as an infant, was saved from the wreck of the *Kent*, East Indiaman, his father being also one of the survivors from that catastrophe. The only officer of the Army of similar age to Sir D. Macgregor, now living, is General Sir Edward Sabine, K.C.B., F.R.S., of the Royal Artillery, who was born in Dublin in 1788, and is consequently in his 93rd year.

The *Swift*, double screw gun-vessel, 756 tons, 870 horse power, was yesterday morning put into commission by Commander Collins, R.N., and proceeds to the China station.

The *Discovery* store ship, 1,247 tons, 365 h.p., arrived at Chatham yesterday (Tuesday) morning from Sheerness, with cargo of stores.

She was at once hauled into the receiving-basin, and the removal of the stores proceeded with.

Tennyson says the nightingales have not sung at Farringford since the Prince Consort died. For an old man, Alf keeps up with the procession pretty well. American liars should not be discouraged, however. They can wear him out in time.

News of Noon.

All the latest items of news regarding the Czar's assassination are eloquent with pathos and romance.

We see the aged Emperor lying on the stained snow, with the dead and dying round him. We hear him mutter, "It is cold—cold—cold."

His brother comes up, and lifting the poor wounded head, asks: "Brother, how do you feel?" But the grand old soldier has not a word to say of suffering.

He does not even groan.

But some one says "Let us take him quickly into the nearest house," and the dying Emperor overhears it: "No, take me to my palace, to die here."

Imperial to the last—Alexander II., Czar of All the Russias.

Princess Dolgorouka, wife of the late Czar, passed through Vienna yesterday morning on her way to Italy, accompanied by her children. The Princess and her fellow-travellers went from the Northern Railway station to the Southern in cabs. She was dressed in deep mourning, and wore a thick veil, and left St. Petersburg on Sunday afternoon by the 5.30 express—that is to say, three hours after the Czar's assassination.

The St. Petersburg police have received warning that an attempt to assassinate the new Czar will be made very shortly.

All monarchs, of course, begin their reign with the "best of intentions," but the new Czar of Russia, as far as can be judged from his utterances, seems to be making a very promising beginning. His Majesty, in speaking to some persons who were separately received, said that he ascended the throne under painful circumstances, but that he confidently relied upon the honest co-operation of all patriots. He would endeavour to merit the love of the whole of Russia in the same degree as his father had possessed it.

The mortal remains of Alexander II. were removed at eight o'clock last evening from the cabinet adjoining the reception hall to the chapel of the palace, in the presence of the Imperial family and all the high Court dignitaries and officials, and they will lie exposed in state for a period of fifteen days. Prayers will be said in the chapel every evening for the repose of the soul of the departed.

The name of the individual now in custody who threw the first bomb is officially declared to be Rousakoff. The prisoner, who is a native of Tikhvin, is aged 19, and belongs to the *bourgeois* class.

Of the eighteen persons who were wounded by the explosion of the bombs two have since died.

The outward manifestations of sympathy dictated by etiquette are now visible in every country. The Spanish Court goes into mourning for 24 days, and King Humbert has ordered the Italian Court to go into mourning for a period of 20 days.

In Germany, however, the departure from all conventionality may be taken as an indication of the deeper feelings evolved by the sad event. An Imperial Cabinet order, dated Monday, has been issued, ordering the whole army to go into mourning for four weeks on account of the death of the Emperor Alexander II. The period for the regiments of which the late Emperor was the honorary colonel will, however, be five weeks.

Mrs. Langtry's effects are on sale to-morrow. The furniture list includes a large number of trophies of Eastern sport.

Mrs. Langtry's house is No. 17, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, and the auctioneer, Mr. Millar, takes up the hammer at one o'clock precisely. "The catalogue of the costly and elegant contents of the residence" contains both Chippendale and Elizabethan "art furniture."

The King of Sweden and Norway will pass through Berlin in April on his way to England, with a view of escorting his consort on her return home.

Mr. George Augustus Sala left London yesterday, at three hours' notice, to study Nihilism and describe the Imperial Funeral in St. Petersburg.

The honour of knighthood has been offered to Mr. Charles William Sikes, manager of the Huddersfield Banking Company, for his services in establishing Post Office Savings Banks.

The Great Eastern Railway Company have decided to abandon for the present session that part of their Bill now before Parliament which relates to the construction of a railway to High Beech in Epping Forest.

The pressure of the times tells. At a meeting yesterday of the Dublin Fortnightly Society, Dr. Traill, F.T.C.D., and an extensive landlord in the county of Antrim, advocated something hardly distinguishable from the three F's.

The club includes many Fellows of Trinity College—landlords, professional men, &c.—yet most of the speaking was in favour of fixity of tenure, rents valued by a State tribunal, and free sale.

The Union Steamship Company's royal mail steamer *Roman*, which left Plymouth on the 11th inst., with troops for Natal, arrived at Madeira at 3.30 p.m. yesterday, and proceeded to Cape Town at 1 a.m. to-day.

We understand that Sir F. Roberts has brought the name of Lieut.-Colonel G. S. White, C.B., 92nd Highlanders, Lord Ripon's Military Secretary, very strongly to notice to receive the Victoria Cross in recognition of more than one act of conspicuous gallantry in the engagement with Ayoub Khan's army before Candahar.

Gossip of Town.

Mr. Gladstone, it is said, contemplates introducing new rules, so as to make "urgency" dependent on his will.

Most Conservatives want to know what the Right Hon. W. H. Smith and the committee who were appointed to inquire into the Conservative defeat after the late general election, have been doing to reverse that result should another dissolution take place.

Great dissatisfaction is felt on the part of the active members of the Conservative party that steps are not taken to stump the country, pointing out the mistakes made and promises broken by the present Government.

Some of the members of the Conservative party are organising a campaign against the policy of the Government during the Easter holidays.

In families where soap is approved (for there are anti-soapists as well as anti-vaccinators) an American invention to be introduced here directly will be welcome. The novelty is a string or other "suspensory attachment" moulded or pressed into the soap, so that it can hang—like hams—and be sprung above the washstand.

The day is faultlessly clear, and there happens to be enough water in the English Channel for a couple of vessels to manœuvre independently of each other. But in broad daylight and in open Channel, two steamers, the *Benin* and *Duke of Buccleuch*, both on the same course, each visible to the other for more than an hour, collide, as might be anticipated under such favourable conditions, and the world is poorer by one quarter of a million sterling.

A "Jap tea" is a good American notion. The ladies who entertain dress up in correct Japanese style, and the visitors, when they have drunk the tea, are allowed to put the Satsuma ware into their pockets. But everybody, under this one-sided arrangement, would prefer to be a visitor, for, besides having to dress up for an afternoon, the entertainer has to see her tea service carried off.

It gives a hint, however, to ladies who may have cause to organise a novel charitable gathering. The sale of the tickets to friends would cover the cost of the tea-cups, and as "real Satsuma" is so cheap now, would leave something over to the charity,

Telegraph clerks are thoroughly disgusted at the result of the deputation to Mr. Fawcett yesterday. They were received courteously enough; but they complain that the Postmaster-General was accompanied by a number of officials and provincial postmasters, who really led the discussion against the deputation. An attempt was made to draw unfavourable comparisons between the Post-office sorters and the telegraphists, and even the difficulty of working the telegraph instruments was made light of.

The agitation will be carried on until strong support is obtained in the House of Commons, where already it has many friends. I hear that a leading member of the Government is in favour of the cause of the clerks. Some of the latter are eager for a strike, but I believe this step will not be taken save in the last extremity.

Coventry-street improvements are progressing, though slowly. It may be mentioned that if you want to get rid of a man, there is now no occasion to send him to Coventry. Coventry-street will do as well, where he is likely to fall into a hole and disappear for ever.

Electric light was adopted at Billingsgate Market a short time ago, and shortly afterwards discontinued. Why it was discontinued may not be generally known. It is said that it was because it made the fish look putrid.

This matter was being referred to last night at one of my clubs, when the discussion got round to the electric light in the reading-room of the British Museum. "Ah, well, I can quite understand that," said a member. "I think the electric light makes the readers look putrid!"

At the 98th anniversary of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, which takes place to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen's-street. That His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh had consented to preside, is just now noteworthy. The tragedy that calls His Royal Highness to more mournful and painful duties is a mark in history; and to those in America who so liberally subscribe to the funds of the Land League, it may be a seasonable reminder that in the capital of the Saxon tyrant such an institution finds influential support.

The Corporation of London is to be asked by one of its members to contribute £100 out of the City's cash towards the Boycott Relief Fund.

Time permitting, there will be some words in the Court of Common Council to-morrow on the subject of the Temple Bar Memorial, It is well to say "time permitting," for there is a good deal of business to be got through before the chairman of the City Lands Committee can present his report; and in the matter of talk the Common Council is almost a match for the House of Commons.

It is likely that the Common Council, at the same meeting, will be largely occupied in considering the appointment of a new Remembrancer. It is rumoured that the Court are anxious on the subject of the case which the late Remembrancer, Mr. Robarts, is bringing against them, and that they are inclined to await the issue of the hearing before appointing an officer in his stead. There is no doubt that they are eager to elect to the post Sir T. J. Nelson, the City Solicitor, a tried and capable servant, and probably the best man they could find for the place; and if this be so, they might show their pluck and independence by adopting at once the motion of one of their members for the election of Sir Thomas, and ignoring entirely Mr. Robarts and his lawsuit.

A large dome which has been in the course of erection for the past two years in the extensive pleasure grounds at the back of Sir Henry Bessemer's residence in Denmark-hill, for the reception of his new powerful telescope, is now finished outwardly, although the telescope itself will not be able to be placed in position and suitable for taking observations until some time to come, the engineering works in connection with the work being of the most intricate and difficult description. The instrument, when completed, will be capable of being directed at the option of the observer to any part of the heavens, and the design allows of the operator being able to take observations in either a standing or a sitting position from the centre of the floor of the observatory, looking into the eye-piece of the telescope, which will be several feet above the floor. The commodious observatory containing the telescope affords ample shelter from the weather, the upper portion of the dome is made of glass, with windows facing in every direction, and within, when all is completed for taking observations, there will be erected mirrors of silvered glass, which is part of the new invention—silvered glass being used in place of metal. The room and dome with its windows, it is intended, will revolve and keep pace automatically with every motion of the telescope, the upper end of which, when in full elevation, will reach a height of about 45 feet. Should Sir Henry Bessemer's invention prove successful it is expected that the present instrument, which is the largest in the world, is but a forerunner to yet larger and more powerful instruments than ever hitherto known.

The defective eyesight of the Germans is a fact too well-known to be remarked upon. An unbarnacled Teuton in the prime of life is a much more uncommon object than a spectacled Englishman of similar age. But a reason has lately been assigned for this partial blindness of an entire nation which cannot be very far from the true one. The German alphabet used in printing consists of characters more intricate and complex in their formation than those of any other European tongue, and it is the constant reading of this difficult print, produced oftener than not with bad type and wretched paper, that is said to impair the visual organs of the whole German race. An attempt, therefore, is about to be made to reform their alphabet, simplifying the characters of the letters, and probably assimilating them to the style in vogue in England, France, Italy, and elsewhere.

We learn the Oxford crew will migrate to Marlow, the proverbial birthplace of "puppy pie," on Thursday morning, for about a fortnight previous to their reaching headquarters at Putney. The "dark blues" were again on Tuesday bereft of the services of Mr, Paterson, of Trinity,

at three thwart, but found a good substitute in the Young Kebleite, Mr. Harrison who is the only reserve man at present. Their work during that day consisted of a long "sweat" of nearly nine miles' extent, against a strong stream, which must have tested their stamina immensely. We learn they did justice to a substantial dinner of beef, mutton, &c., afterwards at Hertford College as the guests of Mr. Buck, Mr. Paterson joining the party.

A talkative little bird, flying from the Mansion House, whispers that the Lord Mayor contemplates stopping supplies of wines and spirits at all entertainments after Easter; in fact, will adopt the maxim of ex-President Hayes—"Water, tea, and coffee." How exuberantly delightful our Mansion House and Guildhall festivities then will be!

On State occasions, brandy and whisky, *et cetera*, are already withheld from the Mansion House officials. Unkind birds outside say "their appearance is wonderfully improved."

At the funeral service for the late Emperor of Russia, held in Welbeck-street, every gentleman present was in deep black mourning, except two. The one was an enterprising Yankee correspondent, the most energetic of his kind in London—the special writer for the *Cincinatti Engineer*, who dropped in promiscuously; and the other was the Chinese Ambassador, clad in spotless robes of pure white, the colour used in the Celestial Empire to denote extreme sorrow for the loss of a near relative or a great State official.

The Marquis T'Seng spent a long time in the House of Commons last night, and had a quiet interval in the Gilded Chamber. During his stay amongst the Peers, he had the pleasure of listening to a long discussion about a new railway in the north, a line which must be of intense interest to the people of Bellymacarrett, but will scarcely tend to raise the higher Chamber in the esteem of the Chinese Ambassador, and during his stay in the Commons the debate, on the instigation of Mr. Parnell, regarding the allocation by Irish landlords of the driblets they received as ostensible loans for the employment of their tenants, must have sorely puzzled him. I would like to have a look at the diary of the Marquis to-day. I can imagine the shade of Oliver Goldsmith fluttering over his bed last night, and if he has an intelligent secretary he ought to direct him to read over the history of "Whang the Miller" at his breakfast-table.

Miss Emily Faithfull delivers a lecture to-morrow evening at the Kensington Town Hall, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn taking the chair at eight o'clock.

Matrimonial Facilities.—On the second reading of the Marriage Law Amendment Bill, Mr. Carbutt will move that facilities should be accorded to the working classes for marriage outside of working hours, and that in order to secure that object, it shall be obligatory on clergymen to tie the nuptial knot on Saturdays from eight o'clock in the forenoon to six o'clock in the afternoon.

Cuckoo Notes.

Most women would rather look through a keyhole than a big telescope.

At a medical dinner recently given in New York, a candy skull filled with ice cream was among the table decorations. That not only shows nerve but good stomachs.

Bob Ingersoll says that Providence originally made oysters with legs and afterwards took them off, knowing that the people of Colchester would starve to death before they would run to catch anything.

Bret Harte has been criticised in America because a correspondent says that he has become conceited and likes the patronage which the English aristocracy are bestowing upon him. A correspondent writes: "There is a class of people who expect that a man of genius shall have no personal frailties. It is hardly possible to pick out a writer of fame who has not had them, or who could please all people. Dickens was very much of a snob. Thackeray was jealous of Dickens and loved the society of the aristocratic. Charles Reade has been called conceited. Carlyle was cross. Poe could snub. Private Dalzell, of all great writers, had no faults—outside his writing."

BIRTHDAY DIARY.

March 16.

General Sir Duncan MacGregor, K.C.B., the oldest officer in the British army, born March 16, 1787, aged 94.

Earl of Craven, born March 16, 1841, aged 40.

Lord Loughborough (eldest son and heir of the Earl of Rosslyn), born in Hanover-square, London, March 16, 1869, aged 12.

Baroness Northwick, born March 16, 1832, aged 49.

Lady Louisa Caroline Egerton, born March 16, 1835, aged 46.

Lord Sackville Arthur Gascoyne-Cecil, born March 16, 1848, aged 33.

Sir Charles Frederick Joseph Smythe, Bart., born March 16, 1819, aged 62.

Sir Anthony Crossdill Weldon, Bart., born March 16, 1827, aged 54.

Sir Edmund Arthur Waller, Bart., born March 16, 1846, aged 35.

General Charles Stuart, born March 16, 1810, aged 71.

Major-General Thomas Edmond Knox, C.B., born March 16, 1820, aged 61.

Captain Richard Bradshaw, R.N., C.B., born March 16, 1829, aged 52.

Colonel William Thomas Makins, M.P. for South Essex, born March 16, 1840, aged 41.

The new forty-ton yacht, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, who modelled the *Vanduara*, will be named the *May*, after the second daughter of Mr. B. Stewart, the owner, whose large steamer, the *Amy*, is named after Miss Stewart.

She is 40 tons, 40 is her number in her designer's books, her mast and topsail yard are each 40 feet long, and she is intended to take 40 prizes. George Cranfield, so well known in connection with the old *Vanessa*, will be at the tiller.

All three of the forty-tonners building on the Clyde will be raced on the Thames in the beginning of the season.

Some of the Southern yachtsmen will be surprised to learn that Ratsey, of Cowes, is making sails for all three, not Hapthorne, who used to be looked upon as Court milliner to the Yacht fleet. Ratsey can certainly cut a sail as well as any man that ever tried.

Where are those mad folks who went mad over the rapid passage of the *Brittanic*. Messrs. Ismay, Imrie and Company inform us that the remark of their Clyde correspondent was quite correct, that a mistake of a day was made in telegraphing. That was just it. Anyone, however, who knows the distance across the Atlantic and could calculate the time it takes to cross it, steaming at 17 knots, could quite easily see that it was impossible

When we have *Servia*, the *City of Rome*, the *Alaska* and the *Majestic* afloat we may expect to hear of some rapid passages, but not till then can we look for the voyage being completed under seven days.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Miss Evelyn Moore to be Maid of Honour in Ordinary to Her Majesty, in the room of the Hon. Mary Louisa Lascelles, resigned.

On Monday the Empress of Austria had a blank day with the North Cheshire hounds, and yesterday there was but indifferent sport with the South Cheshire pack, which met at Wilkesley.

"Q," of the *Athenæum*, known to his friends as Mr. Tom Parnell, and to the public as the editor of the best of all the editions of Lamb, has ready for the press a new volume of "Little Essays."

A new club has been opened in connection with the Science and Art Schools, South Kensington. Members of the above (past and present) and of the Royal School of Mines being eligible. Rooms have been secured in the museum building, and appropriately furnished as reading, writing, smoking rooms, &c., with Professor Huxley for Chairman.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne (travelling as Lady de Sandridge), arrived at Genoa on Saturday last, and witnessed from the windows of the Royal Palace, Via Balbi, on Sunday afternoon, the beautiful procession of the "Return from the Crusades," which was to have taken place during the Carnival, but was postponed on account of the rain. Her Royal Highness expressed herself much deligated with the artistic costumes and richness of the display, which was organised by the young gentlemen of Genoa belonging to the Gymnastic Society. Genoa has not witnessed anything so magnificent for many years. Her Royal Highness and suite left Genoa on Monday for Florence.

Chicago rivals Paris in the matter of Socialism. At the meeting of the fraternity in that city yesterday the chairman took upon himself to approve the murder of the Emperor of Russia.

It is a noticeable fact that in the French and Italian Chambers the address to the Imperial family met with more or less opposition.

Prince Bismarck may govern the German Empire, but he cannot govern his eldest son. Count Herbert de Bismarck, who has long been his father's right hand, has for some year carried on a *liaison* with the Princess Carslath-Beuther. The Prince endeavoured to stop it by sending the young man to Washington as First Secretary to the Embassy, but was circumvented by his departing to Sicily, in which island the lady happened to be at the moment, and declaring that he would neither return to Berlin nor accept any diplomatic service unless married to the object of his choice. Her present husband has, being a philosopher, commenced an action for divorce, and the Chancellor, who misses his best secretary, is fain to condone all things and retain his services.

At the complimentary dinner given by the Atalanta Boat Club of New York to Edward Hanlan, the toast of the evening was: —

Edward Hanlan, the noblest Rowman of them all.

Are snowdrops indigenous to England? Do they come in the same category with primroses, violets, daffodils, and the other wild flowers of early spring? There is a wood in Derbyshire at the present moment where whole acres of the ground are strewn so thickly with these flowers as to give the appearance of the snow which they symbolise. But there are very few places except the garden where they can be met with. The botany-books are at fault. What does Mr. Shirley Hibberd say?

Certain French papers, amongst others the *Voltaire*, evidently believe in early publishing. They can be bought in London the day previous to their date of issue.

The real time occupied by the *Britannic* was seven days ten hours, the same as the fastest passage of the *Arizona*, of the Guion Line. The two boats can, therefore, each claim championship.

The windows and steps of the United Service Club, Stephen's Green, Dublin, Ireland, are literally alive with dawdling youths, lazy young warriors, cigar in mouth. These are not, then, the *piping* times of peace? Cuckoo!

A noisy meeting to protest against the war in the Transvaal was held in Liverpool last night, under the auspices of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Henry Richard, M.Ps. The usual resolutions were passed, but with considerable difficulty. The assembly broke up amid cheers for the Irish and Transvaal Republics.

Mr. Justice Barry has been blowing up the Limerick juries. He is both denunciatory and plaintive. It seems that the juries will not convict even where the prisoners have confessed the offence. Truly the Palladium is a great institution.

Lord Coleridge the other day made a remark from the judgment-seat, quoting Shakespeare, about the very unpleasant consequences which sometimes are occasioned by what the poet called "our pleasant vices." It was rather hard of the Lord Chief Justice to hurl Shakespeare at the head of an unhappy litigant; as might not the same remark have been made by the magistrate at Westminster to Mr. Nicholas Contopolis, City merchant, who yesterday had to claim the protection of the law against one Bertha de Sterke, with whom he had "become acquainted" three years previously?

The evils of pawnbroking have lately been on the *tapis*, but it has not been mentioned that the police authorities seem to encourage them in some of their misdeeds. When a pawnbroker suspects, as having been stolen, any article presented at his counter, he hands it over to the police, and, in the event of its not being claimed within a short period, it becomes his property. In this manner a worthy tradesman recently became possessed of a fine piece of silk which two foreigners tried to pledge.

His numerous friends on the London and provincial exchanges will be interested to learn that Mr. James Morton—he of Glasgow Bank celebrity—has had his trial for cream-adulteration postponed for a week. At the Court, in Paisley yesterday, an attempt, which, however, came to nothing, was made to throw the case out on the ground of irrelevancy. It is alleged by the prosecution that Mr. Morton diluted the cream with 34 per cent. of skim milk—but we shall see.

It is a singular coincidence that Mr. Morton, after experiences so varied, should have returned to the occupation of his youth. He began life by selling milk on the streets of Glasgow, his father being a farmer in a small way at East Kilbride, some ten or a dozen miles out of the city.

Courts and Courtiers.

Lady Cavagnari has sent out to India a monumental brass, which will be put up in memory of Sir Louis Cavagnari in the Kohat Church. We confess we do not understand why it should be set up at Kohat rather than at Lahore or Peshawur.

Lord Ripon, Viceroy of India, appeared at his last State ball in the uniform of the Calcutta Volunteers. The delight at this among the whitey-brown sections of the community may be imagined.

His Excellency's minute on the retirement of Sir H. Daly, K.C.B., is not so gracious as it might have been. It was necessary to say something, but almost impossible to have said less.

Lord de Grey will probably avail himself this season of the opportunities that Cashmere affords for sport and a pleasant out-of-door life generally. Only two hundred visitors will be permitted this year.

A correspondent writes: "The custodianship of Her Majesty's gold pantry at Windsor Castle, just rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Goring, is an office of great trust, as may be inferred from the fact that when the Queen entertained the Emperor of Russia, shortly after the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, gold plate to the value of some £2,000,000 is said to have been used. At a rough guess the Royal gold and silver services at Windsor Palace are probably worth about £3,000,000.

The Prince of Wales visited the Queen yesterday, and remained to luncheon.

H. R. H. went afterwards to the House of Lords, and was present at the moving and seconding of an address of condolence to the Queen and the Duchess of Edinburgh on the death of the late Emperor of Russia.

The young Prince Alfred Alexander, and Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra, children of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, attended by their governesses, are on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle. The Royal children are expected to remain with Her Majesty until the return of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh from St. Petersburg.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry have arrived at Londonderry House, Park-lane, from Wynard Park.

The Earl of St. Germans was better yesterday.

The Earl of Northbrook and Lady Emma Baring returned to the Admiralty yesterday from Stratton-park.

Lord and Lady Colville received a party at dinner on Monday at their residence in Eaton-place.

The Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, Lord Valletort, and Lady Albertha Edgcumbe have left the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde-park-corner.

Lady Carrington and infant daughter are progressing most favourably.

Lady Ridley will have a reception to-night at her residence on Carlton-house-terrace.

The young Duke of Portland is not afflicted with the exclusive ideas which, to the last Duke, were the very breath of his nostrils. I hear that his Grace is petitioning the Scotch Courts for authority to "feu" portions of several of his Ayrshire estates, all of which are of course entailed. The estates to be included in the petition are, I understand, Cessnock, Fullarton, Skeldon, and Loanfoot, quite the prettiest spots of the Duke's broad acres north of the Tweed.

Recently, although the fact is not, perhaps, publicly known, a very extensive landowner in the neighbouring county of Renfrew—viz., the Earl of Glasgow—disencumbered, with the consent of the next heir of entail, large portions of his estates with the same object in view.

Lord and Lady Breadalbane are now at Taymouth Castle, and his lordship, I hear from an Abergeldy native, is enjoying good sport with the salmon in Loch Tay.

Churches and Churchmen.

The public want to know if the well-dressed clerical gentleman who used to ride daily in the Row, and when it was too hot to take equestrian exercise, to walk under the shady trees, was the Venerable Archdeacon Dunbar. All the *habitués* used to envy that gentleman for having such an excellent tailor and washerwoman, to say nothing of the hatter who shaped, corded, and ironed the magnificent headpiece sported by the venerable clerical.

Colonel Makins will, on the second reading of the Clerical Disabilities Act Repeal Bill, move that it is inexpedient to disturb the existing settlement, whereby a clergyman desiring to enter Parliament could, after having resigned any benefice or preferment held by him, relinquish his sacred calling, and so remove his disability to sit in Parliament.

I hadn't heard of my old evangelical friends, Moody and Sankey, for a long time, until the other day, in looking over a letter from San Francisco, I found that they had been holding a "mission" there. The writer says "They have stirred up the churches, but I don't think they have made many converts. If it were not for the publicity given to them, and the 'writing up' of the secular press, they would never be heard of." And yet these gentlemen drew all London to hear them only a very few years ago.

Dr. Carmichael, the eloquent and slightly eccentric preacher of the Magdalene Chapel, has been scolding the Dublin ladies on the subject of dress. It is, he says, the bounden duty of a Christian to dress beautifully. The sermon was more wanted elsewhere; for Dr. Carmichael's hearers an American would describe as moving amongst the best-dressed circles.

We have it on the most credible authority that in a church in West Meath, where two clergymen officiate, there is but one surplice between the reverend gentlemen, which is shifted from shoulders to shoulders according to the requirements of the liturgy. One of them says that they have no *surplus* funds.

The tension produced by the persistent refusal of Ritualists to be coerced out of their malpractices, and the desire evidenced by the recent motion of the Primate in the House of Lords have set Mr. Albert Gray, M.P., to work to try and devise a middle course out of the difficulty, and he has hit upon the idea of "Church Boards," upon whom he proposes to confer the power to make any changes,

not contrary to law, in the manner of conducting the services and ministrations of the Church, or in the vestments worn, or in the arrangements for the seating of the parishioners, or in the lights, ornaments, decorations, furniture, or fittings of the Church.

Dr. Carmichael periodically lectures his congregation on the alarming amount of coppers deposited in the plate. He is a bold, downright preacher, most graphic, dramatic, almost sensational, delighting in huge contrasts of light and shade. He is the leader of Broad Church thought in Ireland. In his pulpit only Stopford Brooke has addressed his countrymen.

At the Arts Club.

Mr. Byron's *Upper Crust* has fallen flat in America, while *Billee Taylor* has taken New York by storm, and is already talked of as a "safe run" until June. Mr. J. Ryley, of *Scamp* fame, is leading gentleman.

Mr. Dion Boucicault has another play ready, of the *Colleen Bawn* type. He is sanguine that it has in it the success of another *Shaughraun*. The piece will be produced first in the United States.

A daughter of Mr. Boucicault's is soon to make "her first appearance on any stage."

The "Life of Lord Clyde," by Lieut.-General Shadwell, will be at the libraries tomorrow.

Although the revised version of the New Testament cannot be ready before the middle of May, any one anxious to have copies by then should acquaint their booksellers without delay. The University press only undertakes to supply on the day of publication orders received by the end of this month.

From some early proofs I have seen, of the six varieties of type in which it will be printed, the size known as "long primer" (new-faced type) is perhaps the most convenient for eyes and hands.

An interesting sale of valuable autographs took place on Monday, several letters fetching very high prices. Amongst these was a letter from Andre Chenier to the King of Poland, dated 17th November, 1790, which fetched 1,910 francs. A letter from Admiral Coligny to the Queen of Navarre, dated 1569, fetched 1,100 francs. One from Corneille was sold for 900 francs, and a half-dozen words from Mme. Deshoulieres to Mlle. de Scudery was purchased for 600 francs.

Olive Logan is to have her pay for that little taffy which she gave Bernhardt about her turning her back on a duchess to speak to her washerwoman. Sarah is modelling Olive's bust.

G. H. B. says that Sothern was not a humorist in any sense of the word. He was a hard-natured, selfish man, who was entertained by the pain and embarassment his practical jokes inflicted, and the subjects of them were usually selected from those who were helpless to retaliate or resent an insult.

Coquelin's name must now be added to the list of those who insist that an actor, if he would act well, must not feel his part. This was Diderot's paradox. Mr. Irving says that if the Moor is to seize Iago by the throat in good style there is nothing like having a strong grudge against the fellow in his private capacity. If there should be any shortcoming in this scene at the Lyceum, audiences will, no doubt, make due allowance for the English actor's very friendly feelings towards his American brother artist.

A correspondent writes: "Let me correct a slight error in your notice of the Palmerston Club dinner at Oxford. The father of the club was not Lord Lymington, but Mr. E. G. O'Donoghue, of the Exeter College, now a London clergyman. The credit is undoubtedly due to him."

Madge, Millicent, or whatever be the name the little birds syllable sweetest, we hail thee. Long may thy face—a bouquet of all the flowers, humour, mirth, joy, smiles of nature's own colour—be freshened with the tears of thy gentle pathos, not thy grief.

It is not fair to mention a lady's age, but Mr. J. L. Toole on the 13th of March, and Miss Madge Robertson on the 15th, show after all that there is something in being born under the same star.

All hail! Mrs. Kendal; all hail! and we hope to see thee well, aye better, on many a natal day.

The divine one is keeping voluminous notes for publication. The pulpits, and preachers who fill them, which were so severe on Mdlle. Bernhardt, are to have a very long chapter to themselves.

The wife and daughter of Governor Porter, of Indiana, and the wife and daughter of Senator Harrison, went from Indianapolis to Cincinnati to see Sarah Bernhardt. A very simple proceeding, was it not? "But, my!" says a correspondent from that city, "what a social rumpus it kicked up! The unco good in Indianapolis are fairly blue with indignation, and go about with hands raised in holy horror. They want to do something fearful; but just here comes the trouble. I presume they will have to swallow their wrath and forget the awful act of the distinguished ladies.'

Sir Noel Paton was on Monday granted the freedom of the City of Dunfermline.

That Cat at the Criterion must have had kittens, judging from the theatrical advertisements which are appearing in the provincial newspapers. They are trying some of their *mewsic* just now against that of Carl Rosa's Company at the Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow, with, says a critic, great success.

The above has evidently been sent to us either as a puff or as a joke. We can not say which.

We insert it for the same reason that gamekeepers hang weasels, hoodie crows, and magpies on the backs of their doors. It is a simple sample of the vermin which is caught on our premises.

Lord Beaconsfield has already given Mr. Millais two sittings, and that rapid painter has certainly caught on his canvas a most characteristic expression of the ex-Premier's face.

Mr. Fildes is in Venice. He is painting there a subject picture—a Venetian girl. With this, two English girls, having a canvas to each of them, form a trio by which the painter of "The Casual Ward" will be represented at the coming Academy. These works, together with a good deal of wood-drawing for the *Graphic*, have taken up his year; and this will therefore be the second season during which Mr. Fildes has not been represented by one of his more important paintings.

Mr. Marcus Stone still bears the marks of his serious illness in Verona. When he appeared, immediately after his return to England, at a meeting of the Academy, the members were quite affected to see him looking so feeble. But the exhilarating air of his native Melbury-road, and the cheering effect of pretty furniture and a profusion of ans, has done wonders since then towards restoring him to his old self.

Who will say that this is not a serious age? Mr. Watts, R.A., has been writing in the *Nineteenth Century* to the effect that art-needlework should be more strenuously cultivated in face of the fact that we must all die, and that the general end of all things may be at hand. One lady at least there is who has plied her crewels in a spirit of solemnity which he would consider becoming, for she has studied botany for the greater perfection of her designs, and dyed her own silk and wool in dyes of her own concoction. The result is, I believe, to be made public, and it is unquestionably exquisite. The artist is Miss Miles, sister to that Frank whose little sketches of heads overflowed the town some years ago.

The Marchioness of Downshire's young vocal *protégé*, whom she asked the musical world to hear last week, has a touching little history as well as a lovely voice. She was offered to her audience, not as a performer, but as a promise, and she will not come before the public until she has had at least three years' thorough training. Lady Downshire and Lady Arthur Hill are too intelligent in the matter of music to commit the error of pushing interesting immaturity on to the platform or the stage.

The proposed new Antarctic expedition which was to have left England early during the present year, under the command of Captain Sir Allen Young, R.N., in his yacht, from Cowes, has been abandoned for the present, as the health of Sir Allen is not such as would warrant an undertaking to the Antarctic regions, where the furthest latitude as yet penetrated was in 1841, by Sir J. Ross and Captain Crozier, in their ships the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

The bust of Lord Beaconsfield that Count Gleichen has executed will, I understand, be exhibited at the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy, and ultimately placed in the hall of the Beaconsfield Club, Pall-mall. A friend tells me that it is a capital likeness, though I have not seen it myself.

Mr. T. Nelson Maclean has been asked to execute a statuette of Madame Modjeska.

Mr. Maclean is on the point of starting for Italy to procure a suitable block of marble for his group entitled "A Spring Festival," the idea of which is taken from the fine picture exhibited by Mr. Alma Tadema at Burlington House last year.

Mr. Sidney Hall has been commissioned by the Queen to paint a picture of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught celebrated in Windsor Castle.

Miss Clara Montalba is in Venice, and so is her younger sister, Miss Hilda Montalba. The former lady's new subject is the "Piazza of St. Mark's Inundated;" and the latter is painting a Venetian girl—a companion picture to that of the "Venetian Boy," which was on the line at Burlington House last year. Miss Helen Montalba has now on her easel in London a portrait of the Princess Louise—dignified in pose and lovely in figure; and Miss Henrietta Montalba will send to the Grosvenor Gallery a capital bust of Mrs. Comyns Carr.

So the movement promoted last season with such kindly feeling by the Prince of Wales is to be repeated this year. Pictures marked by the Council of the Royal Academy with the fatal R—which, by-the-way, stands for *retained* and not *rejected*, although practically these are synonymous terms—can be exhibited at the Albert Hall. But what a pity that the Academy authorities cannot see their way to having two exhibitions at Burlington House during the London season. By opening early in April instead of May, this might easily be accomplished. April and May could be devoted to one exhibition and June and July to the other, and thus the *retained* pictures would have a much better chance than in the Albert Hall. Another great improvement would be for the portraits to be collected in one room, so that those who do not care for portraits—and their name is legion—might skip them altogether.

Last evening there was a very pleasant gathering at the head-quarters of the German Athenæum, in Great Portland-street, and a concert of no ordinary character. Herr Joachim, who is a member of the club, never fails to give a performance once during his visit to London, and he came last night and played three times in brilliant style. To meet the great violinist were Mr. Santley (who sang two German songs in the *Maid of Athens*), Signor Piatti and Mr. Charles Hallè, making together a more than capable quartet. Mr. Hallè, who is musical director for the year, made a very neat little speech in proposing a vote of thanks to the distinguished artists who had so kindly given their services, and observed incidentally that in his new capacity of director he hoped in the course of the year to give several good concerts. After the music there was a social reunion in an adjoining room. The Club, which is composed of Germans and German-speaking foreigners, has recently purchased, at a cost of some £6,000, the building, which adjoins the Langham Hall. Considerable alterations and additions have been made, and billiard, smoking, and card rooms fitted up in substantial and comfortable style.

It has been the custom of late years in announcing special benefits at theatres to state that Mr. So-and-So or Madame Shrinagig is allowed to appear by permission of the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, Weissnichtswo. There is consequently a duplicate *réclame* for the artiste, and the manager and the lessee of one of the London Royal Theatres has come to the conclusion that if he is to appear on his own stage for his own benefit he ought to get the full advantage of the recognised regulation. He states in his printed programme that amongst the stage celebrities will be Mr. A. B—— (himself) by kind permission of A. B., Esq. (thereby meaning himself, with a loftier title), for the benefit of A. B. (sinking again his legal right), who hopes, &c., &c. John Hollingshead must look to his laurels, or the presumptuous phrase "only unadvertised play in London" will lose all its ironical force.

The death of the Czar has proved unfortunate for the promoters of the concert at Kensington House in aid of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, as the members of the Royal Family, who had announced their intention of being present, were unable to attend, and there was consequently a limited sale of tickets.

The Viscountess of Folkestone pleased every one by her delightful rendering of the old ballad, "On the Banks of Allan Water." Miss Brooks sang "La Dwa" (Visetti). There was also a charming duet, "La Luna Immobile" (Boito), by Lady Folkestone and Miss Damian. Lady Simeon, Miss Damian, Lord Dunmore, and Mr. E. Power were amongst the other contributors to the entertainment. The choruses were given by the lady students of the London Academy of Music, by kind permission of Dr. Wylde. M. Alberto Visetti conducted.

Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., is engaged upon a picture, the subject being "Helen of Troy." It will probably be exhibited this spring at Burlington House.

On the occasion of the Calderon centenary, the Spanish Academy offered a prize of 500 francs for the best poem; they have, however, not received a single manuscript in reply, although the French poets were also invited to compete.

The L.L.S. (Ladies Literary Society) is an important feature of Dublin society. It is confined to women, and meets in private houses. A sister of Stopford Brooke is president.

The Day's Amusements.

I see that the inaugural dinner of the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club will be given at Yarmouth on the 15th of May. The first cruise of the season is arranged for the following day.

The annual games of the Scottish Corporation will, this year, be held on the 18th of June, part of the proceeds from which will be given to the Caledonian Asylum, an excellent institution, at the moment much in need of funds. For this latter a concert is being organised, under distinguished Royal patronage, and the services of the famous string band of the Royal Artillery have been promised.

Dr. Carver exhibited a wonderful improvement in his shooting in the second round of the great shooting contest now in progress at the Welsh Harp. With 38 kills out of 50, he easily defeated Mr. Turner-Turner, whose total was 33. Mr. Scott and Mr. Beavor provided the most exciting trial, the issue being in doubt until the last bird had been trapped.

We are, of course, sure to see the two most celebrated of last year's Public School cricketers—Manley Kemp, the Harrow wicket-keeper, and Leslie, the Rugby batsman—in the Oxford University Eleven this season. Both are, I understand, in residence, and will immensely strengthen Mr. Evans's team, which will, I sincerely hope, include Mr. J. G. Walker, of Trinity College. This gentleman was twelfth man last year, but after his splendid innings of 85 for the Clydesdale Club, against the Australians at Glasgow in September—an innings which turned the game dead against the Colonists, and was one of the best bits of batting shown all the summer—a place should certainly be found for him.

Minor cricketing counties are working hard to fill up their programmes. To take one instance only, Bedfordshire has matches arranged with Huntingdonshire, Suffolk, Essex, the Uppingham Rovers, the Trinity (Cambridge) Long Vacation Club, Hertfordshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire. Some capital cricket is displayed by these second-class counties, and it is getting more and more difficult, as cricket spreads and improves, to draw a hard and fast line and still be just to the aspiring shires.

We were all glad to see George Holman, so long absent from the saddle, riding the winner at Cheltenham yesterday.

Mr. Scott is now 13 balls ahead of Dr. Carver in the great match which is going on at the Royal Aquarium. The record stands—Scott, 5,824; Dr. Carver, 5,811.

The audiences at the Victoria Music Hall are about to be experimented upon. In place of the usual and pronounced programme the inhabitants of Lambeth will from Thursday next be entertained by a series of "Ballad Concerts for the People."

The concerts will be successively under the direction of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, Sir Julius Benedict, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. John Hullah, Mr. Cusins, and Mr. Randegger. Madame Liebhart, Miss de Fonblanque, Mr. Oberthur, Mr. Ganz, and other well-known vocalists and players will take part in the first of these entertainments. The prices of admission will range from 3d. to 1s. 6d.

Greyhound coursing can only be classed as a sport when enjoyed in the open country. When the hares are caught, as at Plumpton, and as is proposed to be done at High Gasforth, put into artificial covers and beaten out of them, the pastime becomes degraded, and is lower, even, than rabbit-coursing, which every true sportsman would turn away from with disgust. There is nothing like the good old system of coursing the hare on the hills and meadows in which she was reared.

Law and Police.

From what I have heard, I feel justified in assuring my readers that there is still fun to be had out of the curious Spiritualist case which Mr. Flowers has sent for trial at the Old Bailey. It is known that the defendant and her husband, in their halcyon days, were "in" with a good many people of influence and means; and I am now assured that strenuous efforts are being made to procure the appearance in the witness-box of (1) twelve persons of "good name and fame" prepared to swear to their belief in the honesty and innocence of the accused; and (2) twelve other persons of repute ready to assert an implicit faith in the "principles, revelations, and truths of Spiritualism." I am a little curious to know the twenty-four eminent ones who will be found courageous enough thus publicly to connect themselves with so unpopular, not to say unsavoury, a cause. But we shall see.

Mr. Cave, the newly-appointed judge, took his seat on the Bench for the first time yesterday in the Court of Queen's Bench, and proceeded with the trial of cases without a jury.

Not many years ago the new Emperor, Alexander III., sat for the greater part of a day in the Queen's Bench court by the side of the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, and witnessed the proceedings of a trial by jury. It was not mere curiosity, but a desire to understand English legal procedure, that evidently brought the Czarewitch to this ancient court.

In the City of London Court, yesterday, it was stated that in the effort to recover the sum of £1 7s. 9d. no less than £50 had gone to the lawyers, and, as Mr. Commissioner Kerr has stated a case for a higher court, it is expected that before the claim is set at rest the costs will exceed £100.

People who are on the point of purchasing American mutton must not be deterred from doing so merely because the joints which they select may have a fetid smell. That, according to evidence given before the Marylebone magistrate yesterday, is a mere matter of detail—the mark of differentiation between American and English mutton. The former emits a "fetid flavour," but one witness described it as being very good, and another as "beautiful." "Putrid" was the word used by the prosecutors of the peccant vendor, and Mr. De Rutzen seems to take this view of the case, as he fined him £26 and costs.

Nearly the whole *Telegraph* staff has been subpœnaed by Mr. Labouchere in the forthcoming trial of "Lawson and Labouchere" as witnesses for the defence. Query, Is this done to waste the time of the enemy as much as possible, or is it in the hope that really valuable evidence may be screwed out of the "young lions," as Mr. Mathew Arnold still goes on calling the staff of the largest circulation.

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